OLD MEMORIES OF AN ARTIST

CHARACTERISTIC STORIES OF NOTED MEN. JAMES HANNAY AS OBATOR AND WRITER-THACK-ERAY IN NEW-YORK-THOMAS WOOLNER'S

STUDIO. Jothe Editor of The Tribune.

Sin: In my last letter I spoke of James Hannay, the author or "Singleton Fontenoy"; the orator, the editor, the London magistrate, the British Consul. He was a wonderful man, with an oratorical gift which was truly marvellous. He once ran for Parliament in some Scotch borough, and without money or family influence nearly succeeded in carrying it, in the face of great opposition, by the sheer force of his stirring speeches. This feat was unprecedented, and considered wonderful at the time. When I drst knew him he had recently settled in London, and had just climbed over the fence of the literary field, where the brambles and burdocks grow, and was taking observations as to the best means of getting "cross lots." He had been a midshipman in the British Navy, and left the service in disgrace owing to some youthful escapade in the Mediterranean. It was a case where the heart and stomuch were all right, and only his head and the steward's pantry in fault. He had brought with him to London a letter of introduction to Thackeray, and used to tell us youngsters a good deal about the great man, most of which I have forgotten, but I do remember that one of the first things Thackeray did to Hannay was to im press upon his mind that if he ever found himself in need of a five-round note, to come to him forthwith. Once Hannay was complaining to Thackeray that a certain editor had cut out the best part of one of his articles, on the plea of limited space: "Oh, yes, I know." said Thackeray; "that feliow would chip the nose off the finest Greek statue to

make it fit into a packing-case." One of the prominent writers of the day, then in London, was a air. Reach, who insisted on pro-nouncing his name as though spelled Recack. At finner one day Thackeray leaned across the table, and handing this gentleman a dish of peaches, said : " Mr. Reeack, take a peesck."

This was not a very brilliant bon-mot, and I have a suspicion of having seen it in print; however, let it pass. As I have said, Hannay was an ardent admirer of Thackeray's genius, as indeed were most of pur set, only one or perhaps two refusing to pay full homage to his genius, considering him although a great writer still as little better than an inspired butler or valet de chambre-a maitre d'armes without the instincts of a gentleman. This view of him (as a writer, of course) was afterward expressed in The Saturday Review, and cut Thackpray to the quick. It was the weakest of his many weak points, this question of his being, or not being, considered a gentleman. He frequently refers to The Review in his " Roundabout" and other papers with the words " though The Superfine Review ways I am not a gentleman," etc. I know that the unpublished criticisms of our party having reached his ears, he telt deeply incensed, and struck the offender frequently when he had an opportunity.

Hannay helped to collect material for Thackeray's " Four Georges," by reading up the subject at the British Museum, so Thackeray told me when I met him in New-York at that grand old hospice for all roving Englishmen, Judge Rooseveli's house in Broadway-a house, alas! of which both the soul and the masonry have disappeared, to give place to an iron Babel, and the spirit of trade. At this house, which for so many years was a hub of society, domestic and imported. Mrs. James I Roosewelt used to dispense a welcome nospitality with the dignity of a duchess and the grace of an American lady. Being related through her sister. Lady Ousley, to several English families, she naturally had many traveilers of that nationality accredited to her, and as the daughter of a former Minister to Spain it was equally natural that she should possess a large number of Continental friends. The result was that the Judge's house was a kind of headquarters for all European notabilities traveiling in this country. Here Thackeray, like many others, was un enfant defamille, and here I had a long talk with him about Hannay.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Hanney has stuff in him, and will make his mark ;-in public life perhaps. He has many qualifications for such a career, if his aristocratic aspirations are not awamped by his plebeian predilections. It is a question whether he will pull up in the palace or the pot-house, but I think he has sense enough to stick to the palace; I mean Buckingham, not the gin palace, of course. Master Hannay is rather a shrewd dog, with a Scotch eye to the main chance, and he knows who than St. Giles."

I asked him whether he intended to write a book on this country : to which he replied :

"No-no, I think not. I am sure as I feel at present nothing would induce me to do so. I like the

people too much."

I told him that I thought that was a rather singular reason. "Well," he replied, "they say, and I am afraid it is true, that my nen has an evil trick. and these people are so thin-skinned that I am afraid nothing I could write would fail to wound some of the kind souls who have treated me so hospitably, and to whom'I am so much attached; so I think I'd better leave the thing alone altogether."

When in New-York many of Thackeray's friend; entertained him with little dinners at Delmonico's. Wishing on one occasion to return the complement to three or four of these gentlemen, he invited them to a similar entertainment at the same place. When he received the bill, eighty odd dollars, he was herrified. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "I had no idea of the expense to which I was putting my friends."

The last time I saw Thackeray's broad back he was bending over a dish of fried systers in Dorlon's place in Falton Market, in company with John Crerar, of the firm of M. K. Jesup & Co., to whom he afterward gave a gold pencil-cuse as a souvenir. In London we organized a debating society called

the Eslectic Club, where Hannay used to come out in full force. Once, speaking of some ecclesiastical trial which was exciting public attention, he said : "... Then, sir, we should not be shocked as we

were in a recent case where the name of the Holy Ghost was bandled up and down the columns of The Times as though He were defendant in the action." Once calling with him on a friend whose ward-

robe was in a somewhat frait condition, but who

withal, being a "bit of a buck," managed to pre-

sent a rather jaunty appearance to the outside popu-

lation, we found the gentleman engaged in prepar-

ing his toilet, in which some pins and strings and light engineering devices were necessary to render the structure secure. Hannay watched him thoughtfully for some time, and then as the finishing touch was given he burst out with admiration:

"By George, E.—, you arrange your rags more pleturesquely than any man I ever met." One day I found him in his recom gloating over a new pair of boots on his feet. "In a lucid interval," he said pompously, "I bought myself a new pair of boots; and I have yet to arrive at the dignite of cloves." boots on his feet. "In a fuerd interval," he said pomnously, "I bought myself a new pair of boots; and I hope yet to arrive at the dignity of gloves."

He was on the staff of a small come paper called The Pupper Show, published by Henry Vizetelly, who was in the habit of writing him after notes for copy. One day when I was with him such a note arrived. "Good God," he exclaimed, "he writes to me: 'Dear Hannay, Please let us have something in the Junius style immediately,' These are the kind of letters I receive from him: 'Dear Hannay: Do us semething in the Macanlay line of business, or a little of the Carlyle dodge, or societan of Johnsonian stuft."—I wonder what he would say if I were to write to him: 'Dear Vig:

a coloim of Johnsonian stud.—I wonder what he would say if I were to write to him: 'Dear Vig: Please do something immediately in the Rothschild line of business.'—Good Ged, sir, these plebs think they can trade in the brains of genius as their grandfathers did in beet suct, and that they can order a gentleman to write them a poem on the most sacred emotions of the human heart in the same way they would command their wives to cook
hem a dish of the congeniar tripe and onions."
Apropes of Hannay's contribut ons to The Puppet
Show, I remember two scraps, one of the Goldsmith
dodge," and the other of some other eminent
dodge." no doner The first run thus:

Stranger, would you wish to know Why we've no blue in Esglish skies? 'Twas stolen from Henven long ago And given to our maldens'eyes. The other terminated a philippie on the hoarders of money, whom he described as

gagement on Panch. This he followed with "The Claret Cup" and "Hearts are Trumps." Then he wrote "Singleton Fontenoy," and I can well remember, when the work was done, the grave air of satisfaction, something between a miser's and a parent's, with which he regarded the carpet big tuil of manuscript, his amerously poising it in his hands and calling my attention to its "troy." For, as he remarked, "Gold must not be weighed by

as he remarked, "Gold must not be weighed by averdepols, by Ged!"

Hannay occupied apartments in Camden Town, and not far off was the atelier of Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, who told Tennyson the story which set him to writing "Enoch Arden." This atelier was a large, lofty room filled with statues, busts and bas-reliefs, in all stages from the embrye wire and shapeless clay to the polished white marbie, while above all towered a colossal, cracked, clay unfinished female figure, of Liberty or some such young woman, which looked weird in the extreme when we lighted a couple of candles, and sat smoking our pines after the drawing and trowelling was done. Woolner was very industrions, with an ambition which has since been fully realized. His companion. Bernard South, produced some clever groups after the manner of Samuel Rogers. Here they allowed me to rome and draw from the round, and the dust and clay. There was a great deal of clay, moistened now and then by a little beer, and so much dust that when we came out and mingled with our fellow-men we looked as though we might have been walking through a city of millers, and run against every one of them.

New-Fork, Feb. 5, 188.

Frank Bellew.

THE ITALIAN SALON.

AN INTERESTING DISPLAY OF SCULPTURE, POPULAR AND PROFESSIONAL CRITICISMS-SOME NOTEWORTHY WORKS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
ROME, January 30.
Judged according to the standard of art employed by the average English or American touristand the tourists are the loudest in proclaiming their opinions-the department of sculpture in the present exposition is singularly weak and meagre. Nay, it is worse than this. I have it on the authority of a most estimable lady from Lancashire that it is "absolutely a shame and a disgrace." But judged according to the standard which art students are guided by, it is on the whole extremely creditable and worthy of careful study. Briefly stated, the points which the average tourist requires of sculpture would appear to be these: (1) Pretuness and conventional grace; (2) An imitation of the form, if no repetition of the sorrit, of the autique; (3) the marble must be perfeetly smooth and spotless; (4) Nudity must be un-flinchingly avoided; (5) It is not necessary that the artist should strive to reproduce nature-impossible limbs are not a blemish-and if he can fashion the work "out of his head" without recourse to a model, he is so much the greater man. There is comparatively little in the exposition that can be said to come up to these demands, and what there is, is chiefly from the manufactures of English and American contractors-as the Italians style those English and American sculptors resident here those English and American sculptors resident here who devote their own energies to dramming up orders and then hire other people to do the work. Of course all intelligent critics are ready to comess has there is a good deal of rubbish in the exposition—in what exposition is there none? The enterprise is a new one and those in authority could not afford to oftend too many people at the outset by a system of wholesane rejection. But the rubbish is of two sorts only: There is that from the shoos just referred to; and then there are several carloads of millinery which have come down over the railway from Milan. You are familiar with the Milanese school—wonderful laces and parasols and satin dresses chiselled over figures as vapid as so many Paris dells. Even the Lancashire lady was discriminating enough to object to these, but a Roman answered her: "Yes, madam, they are beneath contempt. But why are they here! Because the first spoken.

The death seems to have been a sudden and rather strange one, said the old woman; it was but two days since I saw her crossing the footpath through the field enopsite our cottage." who devote their own energies to dramming up neath contempt. But why are they here! Because it is known that the English and American tourists

will buy them?" This is the fact.

Among the fine things, dest and greatest, there is
a reopaira by Masim. I have been told that he gave five years to the modelling of this figure. If he had given fifteen years, or indeed the whole of his lite, ats time would have been well spent. The idea is high and beautiful, and the ex-cution is well nign faultless. The Egyptian queen, her sensuous fascinating face shaded by grief and bent by anxtous thought, reclines upon a sphinx hewn from granite, and at her feet there is a basket of wild I wonder what is to become of all the rich plate and jewels that belong to the family F and Rose, the eldest of the women.

Oh, M. le Mayor will soon find out that,' cried Babette. 'He will be in the chateau, depend upon it, by to-morrow morning or before, and he'll look into everything, and make good use of it too. He's a man that knows what he's about, and that has no rich, so light and so perfect in its folding that you are verifably inclined to believe that some one has the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau around its property in the control of the chateau and property in the chateau and property truit from the depths of which an asp is slowly unye to the main chance, and he knows who are veritably inclined to believe that some one has also been and butter closet, and thrown a garment of real gessamer over her, until Finne looks grave and sad enough as she walks by her dead miscress's body,' remarked the other keeps the keys of the bread and butter closet, and | thrown a garment of real gossamer over her, until not on, if you can get the right effect it does not matter how you get it. But in sculpture there is only one method of arriving at the right effect, and that is by the strictest attention to details. Mastri's detail is altogether praise worthy. The dimples in the breast and elbows; the yielding of the flesh where there is a pressure upon it, as where her cheek rests on her hand, and where a bracelet clasps her arm, and the consequent fulness of the fiesh adjoining; the bones in her hands and feet; the hang" of the mecklace around her throat; the drooping of the skin above her eyelids,-betray the most careful study and are as excellent as anything most careful study and are as excellent as anything that I have seen in the antique. The attitude is graceful, spontaneous and abundantly expressive of what it seeks to express-passion disappointed, pride c st down with its face in the dast, ambition defeated, a scul envious of death but mable quite to put asside the love of life, the tempting hope of new triump s, the engerness for new pl as res, the dreadful, uncertain, fear of the undiscovered country toto which the asp has power to procure her entrance.

er entrance. Franceschi has a piece here in plaster which is as Franceschi has a piece here in plaster which is as strong and as intedigent as it is terrible. It is entitled "Ad Bestrae," and represents one of the early Christians—an old man with hollow cheeks and drawn kin—just at the moment when he is set loose in the arena of the Colose um for the satisfaction of the wid beasts and the merriment of the Roman audience. His body is best forward, and his occrepit limbs so in actually to quake with horror. His hanns are fastened behind him by a rope which cuts and chaies the flesh. His eyes start from their sockets and his lips are parted. He waits there for the tigers to come down upon him, and the awful suspense of the moment has over-thrown his mind and made an into to film. You perceive all this, and the suggestiveness is so great that you lancy you hear the growing of the animals and the cines of the victims and the cine of appliance also is extremely careful. The anatomy shows that Franceschi has passed many hours in the dissecting room.

The well-known terman, Sommer, has a very

In the dissecting room.

The well-known German, Sommer, has a very clever, if somewort grotesque, design for a fountain. A stilly fain is bent under the burden of an enormous wine skin into which choid has shot a quiver mous wine skin into which choid has shot a quiver intil of arrows. The wine consequently, of course, is streaming down on all sides of him, and the start of an puzzied expression of his face is very languable, if no very lofty as a work of art. Waldo Story, the son of W. W. Story, has a couple of decorative bas-reliefs, but they are poorly drawn, not straingly original, and display an unsuccessful striving after a classical effect. Keyser has a most graceful orionze representing lithnia driving to a tryst with flottom. Ine classical effect, and Puck, cross-legged, sits behind as rooman.

THE LITERARY INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY .-

THE LITERARY INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY.—Some of the united, as well as many of the social, peculiarities of the United States many doubles, be traced to their firm of government. After the obvious wants of his are provided for, democracy stimulates the production of books. An intellectual world, where the unity if not the beauty of knowledge is universally recognized, rises on the rains of rank. There is a race in which the prize is to the swift, and every one tries to draw the eyes of others by innumerable imperfect efforts. Malla non multim. Art is abundant and inferior—whitewashes wood and brick pass for marble, purile buffocueries for sumor, and rhytemical spasses for poetry. Formaticy is the prevailing detect of aristocratic literature; it is apt to be precise and restricted. A democratic interature runs the risk of inwiesaness, inscending and florenthe and Elizabethan emissions were preserved by the artistic magnitations of a fixable tradition. The one is dispayed to the so-called Augustan age of fetters, in the France of louis XIV, and the England preserved by the artistic inspirations of a flexible tradition. The one is displayed to the so-called Augustan age of letters, in the France of Louis XIV, and the England of Queen. After, when men of genus, earing more for style than to establish truth, more to captivate the taste than to after the passions, moved with cipped will, as in a construct circle of thought. The other is most conspicuously developed in America—a country which is not only democrate, but youthout without the medesty of youth, animallowed by the pass and untransmelled by methogs of personal loyacy; where order and regularity of all kinds are also to be mishanded supervisines; where vecemence, whend vigles are common; good caste, provindity and magnisation fairs—a country whose mishance is the people annamed an macrial imparts its tamelessness to the people Tolling in dirt all day, as moles do, sleek and blind,
To leave a little hill at last behind.

Hannay, having been in the Navy, naturally commenced his literary career by using his nautical reminiscences, his first casay being a bright little tending called "Biscuits and Grog." which attacked much attention and secured him an enWHEN SHE IS FAR.

When she is far, and I Ride o'er the meadov Under the sunny sky, Over the shadow—

How it is easy then
Beldly to woo her.
While down the winding glen
Speed I unto her!

Scant while for answering Love shall allow her—
Space while a wild bee's wing
Brushes a flower . . .
Nay, but the path hath grown
Nearer and nearer—
Farther and farther flown
All, save to Fear her!

THE SECRET OF THE CHATEAU.

It was in the days of the French Revolution, when the reign of the Goddess of Liberty had closed all the churches and stopped every outward religious form, and when the Reign of Terror was at its height in the land. The fittle town of Verreville, in the south of France, lay all wrapped in a glory of evening sanshine that wrought rare magic among the doingy houses and in the drowsy streets and alleys. Now it played golden lokes with the fountain that danced in a broken basin in the little square; now it clothed with a new, wondrous, picturesque charm the gable of yonder old decaying mansion; now it gloled into a small gloomy backcourt, and turned it into a fairv's gratto by changing every pane of glass in the tiny windows round it into a living gem.

Up the principal street of the town came lumbering a cart bearing a sad burden. It was a coffin, over which was spread a coarse, shabby black mantle by way of pall. At each side of the heavy cart-horse which drew the vehicle walked a darkrobed figure—a man and a woman. Slowly the little tuneral party advanced over the rough pavement, that made the wheels of the cart jolt noisily, and with no reverent sound of woe. Slowly on they came through the river of sunlight; and as they went, two or three women, loitering with their pitchers near the fountain, watched them with eves which had a touch of sorrow in them, and made their comments, as they gazed, in low tones.

"Ah, poor young 11dy" said the oldest of the

Babette tissed her head and the red handkerchief upon it a little disclainfully, as if her modern lights showed her things which were more worthy of note than anything which the old woman's memory could call up out of the past.

What good were they in the land, these aristocrats? she cried. They were of no more use than the statues in the garden of the old chateau, where we poor tolk can wander now with our babies or our sweethearts at our will.

But the young countess was of a different pattern from those who went before her, here put in a three woman. When my hashand lay sick with the fever, and everybody fled from our cottage on account of infection, she came to visit us, and stood by his bed often and felt his pulse better than the doctor, and sent him streng heaing food and medi-

Yes, replied the other elder woman; it was but two days since I saw her crossing the footpath through the field omogits our outage.

They say she fell down in a BL as some was essailing before her dressing-table arranging her hair, and never spoke afterward, said the other old dame, pouring out her information rapidly, as though she feared Babette might be beforehand with her

with her.

'That is often the way these wristocrats go out of the world, if they are left to die a natural death,' exclaimed Babette dipping her band into the foundam and tossing some drops of water about contemptuously, as if they were drops of aristocratic blood. 'They cat and drink and sleep so much that their brains and bodies get dull and heavy, and they just fall down and die for very weariness of life.'

I wonder what is to become of all the rich plate

eider woman.

No wonder, poor girl,' answere! Rose; 'they were brought no tegetner, and loved each other more like sisters than like mistress and servant.' But for all her sail looks, I would wager my silver earrings against your cat's necklace. Rose, that she is thinking more of her lover Maurice than of the dead, it's a beautiful arrangement for her, in faith, to have him for her companion in a business like this. Ah! she's a sly one, for all her denute ways, and her smooth face, that seems to have no more in it than an empty milk-pail.' Babette make a little expressive wins, which himsh

demure ways, and her smooth face, that seems to have no more in it than an empty milk-pad. Babette made a little expressive wins, which might imply more or less according to the fancy of her companions, as she spoke these last words.

They will marry very soon now, I should think, said old liose, taking up her pitcher, which had been long brimming over patiently at her side.

Oh! I won't say that it will ever come to a marriage after all, excla med Babette, with such a toss this time that the fools of the red handkerchiet got loose and fluttered in the breeze. Those he look like a bridegroom as he strides along there, with inst the same grin as usual on his troud face; he can't get rid of it even at a foneral, the blockhead. Does he look like a bridegroom that any sensible can't get rid of it even at a luneral, the state of the look like a bridegroom that any sensible girl would give an old tin lettle for ?"

Well, it's strangest of all that they should bury

giri would give an old tin lettie for f

Well, it's strangest of all that they should bury her in this way, if, as you say, there's money and riches of all sort's left in the chateau still,' said the younger of the two old women.

All Molle, Figne, and M. Maurice know more about that matter, I suspect, than any one cise,' rejouced Babotte, with a wink vet more exturated with meaning than the last. They are mas'er and mistress at the chateau, now that the count is in prison and the countess is dead; and they are mas'ering the most of their time, as the birds do in the vineyards before the vintage legins.

After that the group round the fountain broke up, and the women dispersed in different directions. As she went, Babette had ber own special train of thought, into which she probably would not exactly have iked any of her friends to look.

As sure as the countess's diamonds are real, and not glass'—this was the way in which her reflections ended—Pierre shall try his lack to-night. I don't see why Babette and Pierre should not be the fortunate pair, as well as Fifine and Maurice.

Meanwhile the young man and the girl, of whom their neighbors' mouths and minds had just, all unconsciously to their two selves, been so full, had reached the church for the completion of their said errand. No religious ceremonics of any kind were permitted at this time in France. But still the sevents of the young Confesse de Flerion, perhaps recollecting that in her iffe she had secretly clining in once trembing the building had been raised to allow of the body being placed underneath it. The family rank of the De Florions was far away in a distant large town; but, as the troublous times forbade the rich she paveneat beneath the southern wall of the church and inside the building had been raised to allow of the body being placed underneath it. The family vanied the countess's remains being transported thinter, when she look ranti of the Pe Florions was the away in a missing targe town; but, as the troublous times forbade the countess's remains being transported thither, her servant and foster-sister and compasion, Filiae de Fouvrière, had chosen the interior of Verreville church as their resting-place. As long as no religious rites were used, the civil authorities of the little town had made no objection to this arrange-

'Maurice will do all the rest,' said Fifine, when 'Maurice will do all the rest,' said Fifne, when the coffin had been lowered into the place prepared for it, turning to the two men who had been nelping them in their mountful work. 'I should like my poor mistress's own faithful servant to perform the very last offices for het.'

'It is strange that Fifne de Fouvrière's grief at her mistress's loss is not more evident in outward.

ber mistress's loss is not more evident in outward signs, said the cler of the men to his companion as they withdrew from the church in obedience to the girl's words. 'I had expected to see her drowned to the companion of the c

There must have been some coolness between them before the lady died. It is always so, sooner or later, when we sons and daughters of the people form close bonds of intimacy and affection with an form close bonds of intimacy aristocrat,' said the younger man, who was none other than Babette's lover. Pierre, and who, as in duty bound, held the same Red Republican opinions as his future most emphatically better half; though, if truth must be told, he was often in a very hazy state about them, even, when he ex-

very hazy state about them, even when he expressed them the loudest.

'Well, I don't know,' rejoined the old man
thoughtfully. 'I can't say what may be the cause
of it, but that girt's face and manner puzzle me
more than the change of the wind.'

And the face of F films de F ouvrière certainly was
a face that any man might have found it difficult
to read the meaning of as she stood there by the

grave. She was a remarkably preity brunette, had be whose features were, generally, all sparkling with and valumated thought and feeling, which went flashing view.

in switt brilliant play from the dark eyes to the rosebud month. But to-day the whole face was stamped with one fixed, settled expression, which might be interpreted in its gravity and intensity to mean sorrow or anxiety or deep troubled thought. Looking at that fair face was, to-day, like listening to a story to d emphatically and eloquently in some musical foreign language that we do not understand.

'Maurice,' said the girl, sharply, to her compan-

Maurice, said the girl sharply, to her compan-'Maurice, said the girl, sharply, to her compar-ion, as soon as they were left alone, 'where are your brains gone? Who ever saw anyone at a funeral with a face like yours? You'll have set the whole town talking. I don't know that I shall

the whole town talking. I don't know that I shall ever forgive you.

'But, ma charmante,' began Maurice, whose countenance still certainly did not seem to correspond to his solemn task.

'Maurice,' interrupted Fifine, 'have done with your pretty words and speeches: there's a time for them, I dare say, but it's certainly not now. You just mind what you are about, and don't make such a fool of vontself again.

It was the night after the young countess's funeral; a full rornd silver more was looking down upon the old Florian château, which stood on a rising ground at about a mile from Verreville. The house was sunk in deep repose; it had few inmates now, only the servants, among whom were Fifine and Maurice, the old steward's son who had lately come home to help his aged father in his office.

In the shadow of the wall two figures stood whispering together. 'This is the door which the key will open,' said a woman's voice. 'I have kept it ever since I was in service here—they thought it was lost: I have always fanced it might come useful some day, and now the time has come. Go in at once, Pierre, and be quick about it. I have foll you all the receptacles where money and jewels and plate are kept. You can't make a mistake.

'Must I go alone? Won't you come with me? We should do it all the quicker, two of us together, and it's always so much pleasanter at night to have company in an old house like this. They says it's haunted, and there was a death here so lately. Oh! sweet Babette, do, please, come with me.'

'May I be stewed in a pot-an-rea first,' answered

ment, that made the wheels of the cart jolt noisily, and with no reverent sound of woe. Slowly on they came through the river of sunlight; and as they went, two or three women, loitering with their pitchers near the fountsin, watched them with eves which had a touch of sorrow in them, and made their comments, as they gazed, in low tenes.

'Ah, poor young iady' said the oldest of the group. 'She's the last of them—the very last, I recollect the coming home of her mother, Marlame in Contesse, as a bride, and all the train of lackeys in gold lace, and the prancing of the six gray horses and the cheering of the crowd as she threw silver pieces among them like rain in autumn. And now to think that this should be the funeral of her daughter! I have seen strange changes in the land since I was your age, Babette, my child.'

Babette tyssed her head and the red handkerchief upon it a little disclanifully, as if her modern lights snowed her things which were more worther of a mule and a milksop. I shall stay here and watch.' So saying, she pushed her true knight without further ceremony through the long, marrow windows of the old house, playing strange, meanny games with him as he went. Now a dark, gigantle figure seemed larking a monobeam, now the shadows formed them are thim. With carefully held breath, and leet that scarce dared tread he passed near the corridor where he knew, from Babette, that the servents and with the red handkerchief upon it a little disclanifully, as if her modern lights snowed her things which were more worther of sum to the control of the selves into a long black procession which came to meet him. With carefully held breath, and feet that scarce dared tread he passed near the corridor where he knew, from Babette, that the servants' rooms lay; but to his joy and relief he heard no sound there. The family portraits as he passed them in the long gallery, came to life, now and them in the long gallery, came to life, now and them in the long gallery, came to life, now and them in the long gallery, came to life, now and them in the long gallery came to life, now and them in the rooms looked as if they were waiting to a party of glicois. But the worst of all was that, carefully as he had been schooled beforehand by Babette as to the vhereabouts of all the valuables in the château, he got nothing for bis rains. He ransacked the pantry, which he had expected to find tuil of plate, but found nothing ostier in the dead countess's agar ments for the casket of diamonds, but it had vanished like gens seen in a gream. He discovered the strong iron look where the count assauly kept his money in large sums, for in those days it was not so easy to send to the contents of the Cothic quality of that there was not so easy to send to the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of the choir, opposite Mr. Viliard's, like a pair of

It was terroic to have to return empty-banded to his liege lady, who would be certain to lay like whole blame for the failure of their enterprise on his shoulders, and to make it no light burden too; still such a fate was better than risking meeting the ghosts any longer. With flying sieps he sped along the corrator which he had to traverse before he reached the narrow staircase at the bottom of which was the door where habette waited for him. But why was it that, before he had passed half through the passage, which was lit by several windows through which the monobeams fell, he paused with a start and a shiver? A little way farther on in front of him, it seemed to him that he saw as figure. A desperate hope that this shape would melt into nothing, like all the other appearitions which had hitherto haunted him to-night; a fastion grid that, at an, cost, he must pass it to reach his longed-ion goal, the outside of the house—these things prompted the luckless libers to hashe outward once more. But when he draw near rio the form it was still there, visible in terrible reality in apatch of moonlight. A few steps in there, and libers who married General Shorton, whose funeral he had seen go by but a few hours ago.

How he passed the phantom Pierre could never. How he passed in ephantom Pierre could never the second coming of Christ in Salim Morse's flow he passed in ephantom Pierre could never.

tiontesse de Fiorion, whose funeral he had seen go by but a few hours ago.

How he passed the phantom Pierre could never afterwards tell. The next thing which he could remember, when in inture days he thought over the matter, was standing in the cool night air and the mounlight, blubbering in a most hearty and open fashion, with Babette pouring upon him from her fair lies what was not exactly a shower of roses, such as should meet a returning hero. She rejected with scorp, like the advanced freethinker that she was, his story about the countess's ghost, and called the whole thing the produce of his coward's fancy. ard's fancy. Next morning the Mayor of Verreville made a

legal inspection of the château, to secure for the Government, as he said, but to reality for husself-for he had no absolute right for such a proceeding any valuables he might find there. he did not find a single object of value or a single gold coin in the château. His worship flew hato a rage, and insisted on having the servants and the servants rooms searched, but with no success. nore than once a shrewd and unpleasant suspicion that he neard something like a suppressed titter behind him; but when he looked back he only saw Malle. Finne and M. Manrier following him with espectful gravity. The whole business was certainly, to say the least of it, singular, for it was well known that there was a deal of rich plate and respectful gravity. jewelry in the château, and that the count, before his arrest and removal to the prison at Foulen, had collected a considerable sum of money preparatory to the trying with his wife to make their escape from

It was some few months after the events just narrated that the good toke of Verreville began disturbed by stories which went floating ab-the town concerning the church being haunt was said that people who had passed to the loss concerning the chart being a seed the building at sidnight had seen a mysterious in gleaning through the windows; but hitherto it who told the tate had none of them had the course. who told the tale had none-to-look further into the matter. The old church was now completely deserted: religious services had, it is true, begun again to be publicly performed in the land, but in Verreville they were at this period car-ried on in a pretty new chapel which had been nearly built before the troublous days began, and lately in-

built before the troublous days began, and lately finished. Thus the old church had become a place well fitted for gheets to frequent.

We must mention here that the Count de Florien had escaped, in some way that had never been explained, from his prison at Toulon, the very day after his wife's funeral, and bad made his home, it was said, since then in England. As for Finne and Maurice; they had married soon after their mistress's death, and were now living on a little farm which they cultivated with care and success.

But to return to the mysterious light in the old, church. One might Babette and Pierre, who were still plighted lovers, though the

but to return to the mysterious light in the bid, church. One might Babette and Pierre, who were still plighted lovers, though the extreme contempt of the maiden for her adorer and hitherto prevented the final knot being reached the old charch, both of them perceives there was, most certainly, light animing throm windows. Pierre's immediate impulse was as flight, but Babette, still true to her colors as a

windows. Pierre's immediate limities was alleading thight, but Babette, still true to her colors as a philip osophic treethinker, declared her intention of clearing up once for all the mystery. She made the trembling Pierre wait close by, and then boldly advanced herself toward one of the church windows, and coked in.

As Babette gazed, at the sight which met her view, it was so strange and interly unaccentable that she rubbed her eyes, thinking she must be under some optical illusion, but when she looked again it was all still there. What she saw was, shortly, this—and it was little wonder that she was bewildered with wildest astonishment; she beheld the countests grave open, and at the side of it stood Filine, the farmer's wife, with a great glittering mass of something which looked like a heap of gold and silver and lewels lying at her feet. Babette's rationalistic principles forsook her most treacherously, and melted a way like morning unist; the notion suddenly flashed across her that Filine was a witch and she sank insensible to the ground. Pierre's love was stronger than Pierre's love was stronger than Pierre's love was stronger than Pierre's love was stronger. sensible to the ground. Pierre's love was stronger than Pierre's fear; having heard Barbette cry out as she fainted, he came to her help though she was tyring in the very gleam of the mysterious light. When she came to herself in the house whither he had borne her Babette was so far touched by his devone her Babette was so far touched by his devone her barbette was so far touched by his

she came to herest in the modes of the content that she promised to become his wife next morning, and kept her word. On the very morning after Babette's vision Filine and Maurice disappeared from their farm in a sudden and mysterious manner.

Not outhly many years after, when political changes in France allowed of the return of the Florion family to their native land, was the whole strange story with regard to them and their servants, Maurice and Filine, cleared up. It was then publicly known that the young countess was not dead, and that the money and plate and jewels of the family had been buried instead of her body in the old church at Verreville. The fact of the countess being regarded as dead had, moreover emabled her to carry out with greater safety a scheme for her husband's escape. When things had grown a little quieter in Fance Maurice and fifthe had distintered the buried treasure and conveyed it to little quieter in Fance Marrice and Fiftue had dis-interred the buried treasure and conveyed it it their master and mistress in England. The whole had been invented and carried out by the counage and wit and devotion of Fifine.—Whitehall Re-

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-

WAY LOUNGER. Now and then we see on Broadway one of the enuine Albany beauties. I observed one last week, Miss ---, in the type of the Holland lass of the seventeenth century, modified by the clearer climate of the Mohawk: very dark eyes, yet harnly black, but of one mild dusk tint intoned with sensibility and amiability rather than the cold gray Auglo-Sa ton calculation, still with a touch of that digulty nearly like aristocracy which in the old burgher stock of this State quickly recalls the impersonator from its natural Batavian complaisance. Albany society and Albany politics are as different things as Dublin politics and Dublin society: the Legislature makes scarcely any social impression on the staid, rich old city, the oldest city in the United States, which should have remained Fort Orange, - and yet in that city for two hundred years a series of beauties and gallant beaus have flourished, like young Van Ness who flashed his soft black eyes on Marcia Burns, the heiress of Washington City, and though she was averse to marrying a Congressman, she felt her heart flutter and it would no longer sit upon its nest. The taste of Albany is felt in every library by Munsell's private publications; a full set of his history of Albany City in ten volumes is now rare. I may add that J. B. Lippincott & Co. sold last week to a gentleman in this city the last set of "John Quincy Adams's Diary," in twelve volumes, that interesting book not having been stereotyped, and it probably will never be reprinted unless in some small, compendious form.

Mr. Henry Villard's new house is blank-looking, but suggests to an outsider a great deal of walking room in e there is ever anything on his mind, and as each story is lofty enough for Goethe to have composed the second part of "Faust" in it. three or four persons can walk at once on the several floors and not disturb each other. "The Berlin style of architecture." my travelled companion called it, and said that the owner had taken pains to be his own landlord, and have his own principality under his nose by putting an apartment house on the other sides of his residence court, after the fashion prevalent in the smaller courts of Germany, where the palsee block is made to contain a large and versatile soclety. The rocky lot being excavated for these apa ment wings is one of the most obdurate as well as lofty

that the Mr. Wannamaker who is anxiously waiting to represent the second coming of Christ in Salmi Morae's piece is probably the son of Mr. Wannamaker, a coal merchant of Philadelphia, who reared a family of what are called "Pennsylvania Dutch" children, all of clear blue eyes, strawberries-and-cream complexions, and thm, sensitive, aquiline noses and straight good forms; a little of the English look was about them all. They had light brown hair of a tint between the flax and the tow, and artistic temperaments. One daughter, Mrs. Brock, a widow, went to Italy to study music; a brother, George, had a literary club called "The Quill" in his house twenty-five years ago; another daughter I think married the brother of Mr. Leon Abbett, the lawyer, a proceeding—
He was, howfor well-descended hands.

Chandler led me to make some inquiries in city circles about the former, and I was told-though I do not wouch for my information -that he had given to the Metrounder the guidance of a Frenchman, from whom a great deal is heard in our times, to give a translation of some inscriptions on or about those crabs. This translation, it was said, would soon be riddled as a farcical one, showing more prefension than acquirement on the Frenchman's part.

any attention to the Presidential matter ff he acquite bet. He is a man of convictions, and being a lawyer, adopts h own views, and I anticipate that he may veto the Five Cept Fare bill for the elevated roads and provoke for a while a howl against him. If he is satisfied that the corporation, as well as the people, is entitled to consideration, he will veto any net demagogical in its intent." Said I to my friend: "Will the railroad pay at 5 cents!" "About that there is a difference of opin said he; "I think it will pay more than at present, but I do not think the accommodations will be as good for those who can afford 10 cents. The crowd that now rushes up and down town for 5 cents within certain hours would be distributed throughout the day, and the altitude would as naturally go up the elevated stairs as they now drop into the surface cars. But Cleveland is not looking at those aspects; he is merely regarding the rights of corporations, which are also the rights of private property, because it is private property that makes the corporation. Lawyers often differ with maoritics, as you can see from the Supreme Court of the United States frequently deciding cases against a majority in Congress which has acted under a public

I heard a conversation lately between some military eople as to General Hancock being the next Democratic andidate, of which there is still a fair probability. A on-iderable element in the Democratic party has no faith in its own politicians and would rather see a Dem- | my informant said, in the vicinity of Mexico. ocrat who had never gotten on his hands and knees to beg for anything from the voters, ascend to the Presidency. I was struck, however, with the remark of a regular Army officer, himself a Democrat. Said he: "My fear about General Hancock is that in the Presidency h would be too particular about details and not broad enough for large policy. I reason from my own case," said the officer; " if my sergeant goes the rounds and reports so and so to me, I want to go and see about it myself. The military service in the line inevitably makes a man the siave of details. Hancock would have to trust his power to his Secretaries, and with his military instincts I fear he would not do it, but would be slipping around like an officer on the picket line. Mr. Lincoln, said this gentleman, " made a successful Administration, in my judgment, because he put the biggest leaders he could find in his Cabinet and then let them go it alone. He had Stanton and Seward, Chase and Welles, in his big departments. He just sat back and let them go it. If he had been stealing up behind them every now and then, he would have taken away their devotion and would not have improved the service."

One of the officers during the war, about whom no mention is made of a monument or a vindication, General William Nelson, is rising into consideration, I think, in the slow round of justice. He was shot dead, it will be remembered, by General Jeff. C. Davis. One of Nelson's officers recently said to me: "That man was the first positive spirit of the North in the West, occupying the same position in Kentucky that Nathaniel Lyon did in Missourt. It is the greater to his credit that like General Thomas he was a Southern-born man. He was pounds, and like some heavy men, imperced and inflammable, but he had the moral courage so rare, indeed almost unknown, at the outbreak of the war, on the Union side. There was no nonsense about him. When he arrested the most prominent rebel officer at Mays-

ville and a writ of habeas corpus was gotten out, Nelson on his steamboat paid no attention to it, and when the prisoner turned to him and said: 'By what law de you arrest me?' he replied 'By the law of those bayenets, sir,' pointing to his lines on the wharf, ' and because you are a d-d scoundrel.' He believed in foraging on the enemy and saving the Government money, and what-ever the orders were, as soon as he got a day's march out he would tell his commissaries to look out for the Government's pocket and let rebels feed the troops. He insisted on good food being furnished to himsel" and his soldiers, and any commissary who did not do it was put under arrest, and it was a common sight to see him walk right into the ovens of the troops and look at the bread and see what they had to eat. He thought he had found through his detectives that Davis was not energetically doing his duty in reporting to him the number of men and arms to be relied upon to defend Louisville from Bragg's invasion. Davis reported that be thought there were 'about' so many men. Nelson, incensed at any man fooling away his time in such an emergency, thundered his curse upon his subordinate and when the latter protested Nelson had no way of expressing himself but to slap him in the face. For this, a little later, he suffered his death, but the soldiers when they became accustomed to him had the most thorough confidence in him, and to this day " Bull " Nelson's men put him by the side of Thomas, Sheridan and Grant."

The politicians around the City Hall tell me that Mayor Edson's charter will be beaten in the Legislature, and for trying to pass it he will be pickled in a glass jar and put on the anatomical shelf of Kelly beside Ely Wickham and Gracs.

Wait till you hear William Dorsheimer roar in the next Congress; Sunset Cox will have a new attack of jenlousy.

Looking at the Sub-Treasury yesterday, with its ironbarred windows, containing perhaps a hundred millions of cool dollars lying there snug yet humble, as money always looks except when being spent, I reflected that it was once the Custom House and was built in Jackson's, Van Buren's and Tyler's Administrations, commenced in 1834 and finished in 1842. It cost \$1,175,000, including the land. The year it was finished the revenue collected in it was only ten million dollars, yet it was two-thirds of the customs revenue of the Union; that year 74,000 passengers in all arrived at New-York. The Merchants' Exchange, now the C1stom House, was compicted the same year, 1842, but was built faster and commenced as Van Buren climbed to the Presidency; the ground cost \$768,000, forty-seven years ago, and the building over one million; there the Stock Board long met when the fee of admission was \$100, and the Stock Exchange met in the same edifice, with \$25 admission fee. Less than 40,000 letters passed through the New-York Post-office daily as late as 1849, yet at that date there was a "cheap postage association" demanding what is not yet a law, two cents per letter to any part of the Union. Fifty cents for ten words was then the telegraph rate to Washington

The difference in character between upper or rectangular New-York and that part of the city below Washington Square is sufficiently marked to provoke the ques-tion as to who laid it out. In 1807 the State Legislature appointed three commissioners to do it, viz.: Gouvernear Morris, De Witt Clinton and John Rutherford. These and their successors employed as the surveyor a singuiar genius named John Randel, jr., who began in 1811 and worked upon the street grades ten years. He projected an elevated railroad more than forty years ago for Broadway, and engineered the Bowery, East and West Broadway, Chatham, Canal, Hudson and Greenwich-sts. through the rocks and hills. He also surveyed the common road from Albany to New-York Island, and being made chief engineer of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal and removed wiithout cause, he conducted a lawsuit through a period of twelve years against it, and recovered about \$300,000 damages, but this litigation turned aside his engineering talents and he became a sort of professional litigant. His estate of Randalia, on Elk River, Maryland, was within a few miles of the spot where Augustine Herman, the first city real-estate sp ulator in the New World, removed from New-York and died.

I asked a Washington friend yesterday if any new names had come u for the Presidency. "Yes," said he; "the latest is United States Senator John F. Miller, of California." " How is that I" said L "The argument made on his behalf," replied my friend, " is a pretty strong one. It is that the Pacific States are all do and that Miller can carry them all, and will also bring, out the very strongest vote from Indiana, from which State he was a very gallant officer. Both his parents were Virginians, and he went to school in Chicago and was graduated at the New-York Law School nine years before the war. He was in practice in California first and in Indians afterward, and being elected to the State Senate resigned to take a regiment into the war. He led it into terrific fighting and lost his eye in battle, and in Thomas's great battle at Nashville, where Miller had a division, he was made a Major-General and the Government wanted him to go into the regular Army, but he reused and returned to California, where he settled down to the law and became Collector of the Port. He has four years yet to serve. Miller is a man who begets confidence; has a square, strong head; is self-reliant, modest and conservative. He is rich besides, and is about fiftythese years old." "What about Miller's in Fur Seal Islands !" I asked "That was as honest a transaction as could be made, the Government itself being one half party to it. The Russian Government had leased the Fur Seal Islands to a company which sold its franchise and property to a similar American company, and the Government drove as hard a bargain with this latter company as they could with anybody.

A friend of Mr. Blaine gave me some information about his new book yesterday. He is writing it himself without any amanuensis, beginning after breakfast and working about three hours daily at the composition; he devotes some of the remainder of the day to library week, how he was coming out. "Well," said the friend,
"Cleveland is making a good Governor and is not giving
any election to the Decideration of the Cay to Horizon. sonal inquiries. He has made a contract with a New-England publishing house, and will issue the first volume at the close of the present year or at the first of next. It is to be a history of the Government, and movements in it, from the beginning of Lincoln's Administration to the end of Garfield's. He will especially discuss the diplomatic talent of this country in the various episodes from Franklin and Jefferson to our times, and he is understood to pay a high compliment to Mr. Jefferson's diplomatic talent in playing off England against France to acquire Louislana. The book is said to be handsome in its treatment of the South and Southerners. It will not shirk speaking of Mr. Conkling and other compeers of Mr. Blaine, but will be without malice, dealing with all his equals with a generous and appreciative hand. Mr. Blaine is said to have little capacity to dictate his work, and cannot even use a clerk to hunt up his authorities, being himself remarkably expert at going through files and finding what he wants in documents and bo-

> Some surprise has been expressed in financial and political circles at Mr. Windom's going into a new Stock Exchange experiment. One of his friends said to me: "Windom makes the mistake that nearly all men do who are suddenly dropped out of very prominent political life into business. They think they must rush right into some business experiment while they are fresh in the public memory, and fear they will be at once forgotten. Mr. Windom is comfortably situated and has a good name which he should put out sparingly." Efforts have been made to bring him into a railroad scheme, as

> Talking with Mr. Van Nostrand, the publisher, the other day, I asked him if Professor Mahan's engineering treatise was still the principal text-book in colleges. He said no; that it had been very well regarded, but had been set aside at West Point because not up to the prosent time in engineering information and technicality, and Professor Wheeler had Written another book which had supplanted it at the Military Academy, while perhaps the best for engineering schools was Kankine's, ap

English work. THE GOOD BOY'S PRIMER.

THE YOUNG MA-GI-CIAN. The fol-low-ing ex-pe-ri-ments are sim-ple and ca-sy, and any little boy can do them, and make the Home Cir-cle right Live-if.

THE AI-LING BA-BY. When Nurse is Out of the Room, tie a White silk Thread tight ly A-round Ba-by's teg, in a Croase of the Fat where it will not Show. In a few Min-ures Ba-by will Set up a Howl, and nei-ther Nurse, nor Ma-ma, nor Sis-ter Hel-su, nor Grand-ma, nor yt Sis-ter Kate will be A-bie to Find waere that Drat-ted Pin is. Of course when the Doc-tor finds the Thread, you can el-ther Lie out of it or prove an Al-bib.

THE MYS-TI-FIED CAT.

THE MYS-TI-FIED CAT.

Some after-moon when Sis-ter Hel-en is out Hun-ting new Rugs with Cou-sin Ea-terie, Coax Le-ns's Cat into Sis-ter Hel-en's Room, stain his Mouta with Red Ink, and gum a feather from the Lan a-ry to fils Nose. Then you can take the Bird from its Cane, and sell to to the Junk Man a-round the Cor-ner for six-ty-ine Cents, ta-ling good cars to leave the Cat in the Room. When Sis ter Hel-en Comes Back there will be an Enter-tain ment, and later on a lovely tri-angle will be made by un-cle Charley, the Cat, and a Club.

THE IN-VER-TED FISH.